

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9, 1896.

AN ARTIST  
ON  
ARMENIA.

The infinite variety of talents enjoyed and put to profitable use by Mr. Hopkinson Smith has long been a source of wonder and amaze to his admirers. A builder of sturdy lighthouses and stout sea walls, he varies the utilitarian practice of contracting by painting dainty water color pictures or by writing engaging romances. Excelling in all he undertakes, it is perhaps as a fictionist that he chiefly shines.

His latest essay in the art of the novelist is a sort of continued story with a purpose, which he is printing day by day in various newspapers—yesterday favoring the Journal with one instalment. In this narrative Mr. Smith shows great originality of conception but a certain limitativeness in treatment. In his stirring novel of the good, humane Sultan, the Mephistophelean Christian missionaries, and the bloodthirsty Armenians, every one will recognize a distinct plagiarism of Aesop's fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. The Sultan, we learn, is "a broad-minded man with a big heart filled with love for his fellow-beings." We are quite sure that everybody will concede the complete originality of this conception of the Sultan's character. Under the beneficent rule of this humane potentate 8,750 people, including women and little children, were massacred in the streets of Constantinople within hearing of the big-hearted Sultan as he sat in his harem. Within four years not less than 100,000 have been foully murdered in Turkish Armenia. That is a sorry record for a humane sovereign, but the Sultan to-day does not materially differ in his murderous instincts from his predecessors. A trustworthy compiler gives these figures as a partial record of Turkish ferocity.

"In 1822 not less than 50,000 Greeks were massacred in the islands of the Aegean Sea; in 1850, 10,000 Nestorians were butchered around the head waters of the Tigris; in 1860, 11,000 Maronites and Syrians perished in Mount Lebanon and Damascus; in 1876 upward of 15,000 were slaughtered in Bulgaria."

But, says Mr. Hopkinson Smith, painter of pretty trifles, these Armenians have rebelled against the good and benevolent Sultan, and rebellion must be suppressed. Yes, the lamb attacked the wolf. The Armenians, without arms, discipline or organization, attacked the Sultan's regular troops. Peasants doubtless put in jeopardy the best fighting force for its size in all Europe. Some eight or ten men, driven by long years of cruel persecution into a frame of mind akin to nihilism, attacked a bank in Constantinople and 8,000 innocent persons had to be slaughtered in revenge. Rebellion against constituted authority must be put down, and of course a broad-minded and big-hearted Sultan is not to blame if the campaign for law and order takes the form of violating women, massacring men and murdering little children. Perhaps the wolf was higher up stream than the lamb, but a wolf would rather drink blood than water, anyway.

And the American missionaries. They, it seems, caused the whole trouble. Unwisely they told the Armenians of the character of the United States, of the blessings and the immunities of freedom, instead of preaching the advantages of living under Turkish rule. "While receiving the protection of the Sultan for their lives and property," says Mr. Smith, "they have been inciting his subjects to take up arms against him." Here are two statements of fact. Are they true? No American missionary, indeed, has been killed, scores have suffered the loss of all their property, have had their servants slain before their faces, have seen the American flag trailed in the dust, nor have yet had a word of promise of protection and reparation from our Government at Washington. And is there on record any case of actual incitement to revolt by American missionaries?

In Europe there has been enforced by concerted action absolute gag law upon the press in relation to the Armenian atrocities. Coercion or bribery has imposed silence on the editors of Continental Europe to such a degree that Mr. Labouchere says that except for the English press a historian of a century hence, studying the history of the nineteenth century, would dismiss traditions of Armenian atrocities as old wives' tales unsupported by the contemporary chroniclers of news. There are ample reasons to apprehend that some of the devices which have accomplished this result abroad are at work in the United States.

CLEVELAND  
ON THE  
TRUSTS.

President Cleveland's vigorous denunciation of trusts and combinations, which forms not the least interesting part of his annual message to Congress, recalls previous and not less vigorous utterances on the same subject in the same vein from the same source. Nobody has been more eloquent or sterner in his attacks upon the hydra-headed monsters of modern trade than Mr. Cleveland. In season and out of season he has fired broadsides of invective against their ponderous bodies. But somehow his missiles, though themselves not less ponderous, do not seem to have produced the slightest effect upon them. He is apparently not in the least discouraged, however, and on Monday he returned with undiminished enthusiasm and energy to the charge.

But this time he sadly abandons the faint hope that has hitherto possessed him that the present Federal law could be made a remedy for the evils that fill his soul with dismay; nor does the possibility that any Federal law that can be constructed might remedy them bring him the slightest consolation. With a great sigh he unloads the whole difficulty upon the several States, with his best wishes but weak faith that they may be able to solve its problems. He is unable to do it, in spite of years of anxious thought and fervid preaching.

Perhaps the reason why these persistent and violent attacks upon the trusts by the President of the United States have been so ineffective may be found in the fact that they have been confined to language. Perhaps the trusts would not now be strutting defiant up and down if Mr. Cleveland had not appointed as his Attorney-General a man who just before his appointment was arguing in court in Boston that the Anti-Trust law was clearly unconstitutional. Perhaps they might have moderated their exactions and somewhat lessened their intolerable insolence if Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General had made an effort in good faith to test the validity and the efficacy of that law.

However that may be, it is evident that, as fine words butter no parsnips, so hot words consume no public enemies.

DOWN WITH  
THE  
GAS TRUST.

If there were no other evidence of the existence of an agreement between the five swollen corporations that furnish illuminating gas to New York than their uniform charge of \$1.25 per thousand, that alone would be sufficient to establish the fact. There can be no real competition, such as the people desired and the Legislature ostensibly intended when the Standard Gas Company received a charter prohibiting consolidation and combination with any other company, in view of this extortionate and out-

rageous charge. Figuring every possible expense at a liberal amount, gas can still be profitably produced and served at a cost to the consumer of considerably less than \$1 a thousand. Under these circumstances there is no cause for wonder in the information that the dividends on gas stock range from 5 1/2 per cent to 12 per cent, though of the total capitalization of \$53,930,000 more than one-half is "water."

This state of affairs ought to be enough to convince the blindest of the desirability of municipal control, if not of municipal ownership, of the gas factories and mains. But granting that not even control by the municipality is practicable, there is still no reason why New York should submit to this abominable form of highway robbery. Doubtless evidence enough can be dug up to forfeit the charters of the predatory companies.

Here is a promising field of remunerative endeavor for burning, fiery spirits like Senator Raines and Dr. Parkhurst. They have found it hard, if not impossible, to turn into the path of righteousness the feet of the community. No doubt that task would be somewhat easier if the despoiled were rescued from the hands of the spoilers, and did not have to pay so much for light to see the straight and narrow roadway clearly.

## SLAVERY BETTER THAN DEATH?

Society occasionally needs such rude awakenings as Walter Heinecke's suicide and Peter Hettorf's offer to sell himself into slavery for \$100 down provide for. We see so many evidences of wealth on every hand that we have no time to cast a casual penetrating glance into the crowded haunts of poverty. Fifth avenue is so fascinating to the eye and to the imagination that neither is disposed to wander to squalid Cherry street. The mind is so allured by the mansion of the millionaire that it can with difficulty be seduced into the lodging house and the swarming tenement. Statesmen not given to the habit of statistics din into our ears so loudly and insistently the senseless parrot cry that all is well with the American people that they drown the moan of suffering which bears continual evidence against them. But now and then some unfortunate victim of society makes of his misery a pinnacle whence he can cast himself in the sight of all men down into oblivion, and then those of us who lounge in the lethargy of comfort are forced to rub our eyes and do a little unpleasant thinking.

Hettorf and Heinecke are types of two classes with which every large city abounds. The first, an educated man, with a practical knowledge of bookkeeping and a familiar acquaintance with half a dozen foreign languages, has tramped the pavements vainly seeking employment of any kind until he despair, and in the instinctive hope of keeping body and soul together is anxious to become the slave of any man who will agree to do so much. Heinecke, also a man of education, had employment as a day clerk in the Street Cleaning Department. But he was compelled to work fifteen hours a day, and for his services he was paid only \$11.80 a week. Notwithstanding the pize of his salary, he had bought a bicycle and had saved \$50 besides. So it is clear, strange though it seem, that he had no quarrel with the remuneration he received. Indeed, he said in the letter explaining his suicide that he found life no longer tolerable because he had no "pleasures or enjoyments," could hardly secure time enough to sleep, and was compelled to work continually. Could the slavery that Hettorf seeks be worse than this?

Such is the existence of a vast, an overwhelming majority of the human beings who form the population of the Imperial city of New York. Either the press of hungry numbers keeps them on the rack of labor all day long and half the night, with neither opportunity nor money for recreation, or they are fiercely hunting for a chance to attain even that dismal condition. According to good authorities, there are now out of employment in this city no fewer than 177,000 skilled workmen. The number of unskilled laborers who are subsisting by means of charity or theft is probably enormous. Reports agree that in Chicago there are 35,000 men unemployed. Many if not most of these have families, and—Winter is at hand!

There are those in plenty who yearn for their heads and tell us that this problem cannot be solved. Want, they say, is a necessary consequent of human nature and an unavoidable accompaniment of civilization. If this be true, so much the worse for civilization; let us return to barbarism. But it is not true, as will be shown when the empty stomachs become more numerous than the full ones. Then the indifferent ignorance of the rich will be enlightened in such a manner as to persuade them to lend a hand to their brethren instead of knocking them on the head with the mallet of superior intelligence and greed. Death is unquestionably better than slavery, whether the slavery of the auction block or the slavery of the labor market. But one day not all the Heineckes and Hettorfs will accept the grim alternative without making desperate effort to secure life in comfort. That effort will be peaceable, for in this free country legislation can undo the evils legislation has caused, and it will succeed.

## IS IT A CLEVER TRICK?

The five Republican silver Senators who absented themselves from the caucus of their party yesterday were put in a curious position by the action of the caucus. On motion of Senator Wolcott a committee was appointed to use every endeavor to secure an international conference to the end of establishing bimetalism. This may have been a clever move to put the bolting Republicans in the wrong. If so, it was wholly successful. The most ardent silver man ought to be a still more ardent international bimetalist, and should join in every effort to accomplish an international agreement, unless it is evident that such effort is made only in hypocritical pretence.

However, the five absentees can join with the regular Republicans when this measure comes up for action in the Senate. Senator Sherman is said to be strongly opposed to Hon. R. A. Alger's appointment to a Cabinet position. The Sherman dislike of Alger dates back to 1888, when, at the Chicago Convention, there was a sudden and mysterious disappearance of Southern delegates, the Sherman column being the sufferer by the transaction.

That proposition to build a home for aged actresses is one to be encouraged. If it is successful the aged actresses will be spared the humiliation of having to earn their living by appearing in the spectacular productions.

The Governor-elect of Illinois is a brave man. In addition to the horde of office seekers with which he is now confronted he is going to get married and face the mother-in-law problem.

Senator Peffer's discovery that he is a tariff reformer comes suspiciously close on the heels of his discovery that the Kansas Legislature prefers that sort of a man as his successor.

As Governor-elect Black had the assistance of Platt in the selection of his military staff, it will be sure to receive the prompt indorsement of Platt pere.

The news from Washington yesterday served to remind the country that there is such a person as Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson. In case of doubt be sure of your referee.

## Short Talks with McNally's Row of Flats.

"If you can only succeed in enlisting in my behalf the support of the prominent merchants with whom I did business I feel that I will stand a good chance of securing a pardon."—Extract from letter written from Joliet Prison, by James McNally, the king of the green goods men, to his brother, Walter.

On the strength of the paragraph quoted above several representatives of the Journal called upon various merchants and other citizens who are known to have dealt with Mr. McNally during the past twenty-five years, and elicited testimony concerning him and his business methods, as follows:

West Meadows, Wis., Dec. 8.—Elijah Wheaton was seen at his dairy farm, about three miles from this centre, and spoke substantially as follows: "I have known Mr. McNally a number of years and under a number of names, and have done business with him repeatedly on West street, near the Cortlandt Street Ferry. His bricks at one time had the heaviest plate of any known to the New York trade, but the last I got of him was below the usual standard. Never bought any sawdust of him, but have always understood that he handled a very fine grade. Hope he will get pardoned, and continue business at his old stand. If he does, he may count on getting my trade back again, as well as that of my neighbors."

Shewhagan, Me., Dec. 8.—Deacon Fitch was found in his feed store to-day and questioned in regard to Mr. McNally. The Deacon said that he had learned with deep regret of the imprisonment of the man who had been a gentleman with whom he had done business so many times. The acquaintance began by a letter addressed by Mr. McNally to the Deacon years ago, in which reference was made to certain goods that the writer desired to dispose of. After a short correspondence the Deacon visited New York and was handsomely entertained by his new friend in one of the most palatial hotels on the river front. The Deacon contracted for a sackful of the best hardwood sawdust, which proved to be of such durable quality that the most of it is still in use at the Deacon's feed store, being for ploughshares. He considered it only fair to say that Mr. McNally's sawdust had such a fine reputation throughout the State of Maine—a region famous for that product—that the citizens often visited New York and paid as much as \$500 for a very small bag of it.

Cherryberry Lake, N. J., Dec. 8.—The Widow Weevil, widow of Joshua Weevil, at one time the most prominent tomato and bean canner of this section, was found by the reporter at her beautiful home on the old turnpike road. She expressed the hope that Mr. McNally would soon be pardoned and permitted to resume the business which he conducted for so many years. "My husband died with him frequently," exclaimed Mrs. Weevil, with deep feeling, as she pointed to a framed gold watch which stood under a glass case on the parlor center table; "and if Mr. McNally hadn't been sent away to prison Joshua would be alive and well to-day. I am not the only widow woman in this State that owes her loss to them that put him away." On being asked to explain her words, she continued: "Why, you see, my husband had bought his bricks and sawdust at the same place for years, Spring and Fall, and no harm ever came to him. Why, they'd even go with him across the ferry and put him aboard the train to see that he got robbed. But when the police broke up that firm then the merchants and farmers in this section got to running round nights in New York, drinking knock-out drops and the Lord knows what besides, and that's the way my Joshua met his death. He slept eighteen hours in a draughty saloon and woke up to find his coat and vest gone, as well as his money, and he never recovered from it. It will be a mercy when they get Mr. McNally back again to take care of folks when they go to the city."

Newark, N. J., Dec. 8.—Messrs. Strap & Buckle, the well-known manufacturers of trunks and valises, made an assignment here to-day in consequence of the general dullness of business. For fifteen years this firm employed nearly one thousand hands and devoted itself almost exclusively to the manufacture of small, glazed hand bags with tin clasps and trimmings of a kind used in New York in the export of bricks and sawdust. The retirement of Mr. McNally from the business of which he was the acknowledged pioneer and head proved a serious blow to the satchel trade and was the direct cause of the failure of Messrs. Strap & Buckle.

Foamy Falls, Mich., Dec. 8.—The prospect of the pardon of Mr. McNally is a general topic of conversation in this village, where business has been at a complete standstill ever since the sawmill shut down, because there was no further demand for fine hardwood sawdust of a sort for which this village has always been famous. It is believed that there will be great deal of suffering among the workmen here this winter unless Mr. McNally is permitted to resume his business.

Mr. Plug Rocksey, at one time well known to newspaper readers as the "vigilant detective Rocksey, the slumhound of justice and terror of evil doers," but at present presiding over the destinies of an ash cart and wearing the uniform of the White Squadron, spoke feelingly yesterday of his old friend, Mr. McNally, whose benefactions to individual members of the police department, he declared, entitled him to free pardon for any crime that he might have been accused of. "Whatever he does he does right," said Mr. Rocksey, as he leaned thoughtfully against the wheel of his ship. "McNally was a gentleman, 'tough as iron.' His motto was 'Live an' let live.' He didn't want to do for himself. If he caught a good sucker he didn't forget there was some of the rest of us in the game. I have helped him pull off many a good thing an' I'd like to see him in the centre of the push again. Ter hell with this reform business, anyway. I've got me belly full of it." JAMES L. FORD.

Winter Etchings.  
The wind is growing crispier,  
That makes our noses glow;  
We hear it sigh and whisper:  
"Look out for slush and snow."

The raven gayly circles—  
The butcher does a jig;  
While with his disk he dikes  
The mellow rounded pig.

Oh, now the land is flowing  
With cough drops lush and prime;  
The elder maid is going  
In rhapsodies of rhyme.

With joy our hearts are brimming  
Upon the frosty morn,  
For while the sparrow's skimming  
Song laden round the thorn,  
We watch the withered grasses  
That catch the crystal flake,  
And pour rich gold molasses  
Upon the buckwheat cake.  
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## Tammany Tim and Mark Hanna See Cleveland.

Washington, Dec. 8.—It's in me room at d' Arlington I am, when there's a knock at d' door; bing! I'm mowin' d' weeds from me mud wid a shave. An' I don't do a fling but slice a steak from d' slabboard side, I'm that started.

"G'wan," I says, "finkin' it's d' bell kid. 'G'wan or I'll sweep d' cooco from your shoulders."

"Bing!" goes his nibs agin on d' portal. "Will yonse chase?" I yells, still guessin' it's d' bell youth. "An' if you don't take a tumble to yourself," I goes on, "an' I comes into d' hall for yonse, I'll come back a criminal."

Then d' door opens an' in pites Marky. "On me life! You old spendthrift!" I shouts, "I'm dead glad to greet you." An' wid that I slaps him d' glad hand an' explains how, be his haumt'n on d' door, I tims him for a meal.

"Marky acts doper," an' don't seem to mind w'at I'm givin' him. I notes he's wearin' a troubled look on his features. I passes him d' old bot as an opener.

"Hit that," I says. "If it don't have your feelin's in a conflagration in a holy minute an' put a stay-lath on your nerve, then I ain't on d' d' medicine for your malades."

Marky gets upder d' bot for enough to swim a dog, an' it thruv d' starch into d' bosom of his hopes. He's now more of a ringer for himself. But still he plants his frame on a stool an' gives d' floor d' sudden eye.

"W'at's eatin' yonse?" I says at last. "You looks as if you had a hen on, an' is leary of w'at she'd hatch. Is it Johnny Sherman?"

"Naw," says Marky; "it's Grover. There's a shaky little snake called Thurbur who just jumps me out in d' hall. He says he's from d' President, an' I'm wanted at d' White House. His Majesty is awakin' yonse."

"Says this little guy Thurbur, 'an' you must let go all holds an' come at once.' W'at do yonse tink, Tim?" It looks like a brace to me; looks like Grover has a play d' two up his sleeve an' is layin' to spring some racket on to me. Now, give me d' best turn in d' wheel house, Tim; do yonse guess it's on d' level? Or is Grover organizin' to do me?

"W'y Marky," I replies; "this is nothin' but congratulations; nothin' in d' world but a jolly. Grover's act to ask about Mack an' me; take a looker of red eye wid yonse; that's all. As a fren' of both parties, I'll go wid you an' referee d' meet."

"Says! Tim. I wish yonse would," says Marky, an' relief lights up d' sucker's map in a minute. "I can trust you, Tim; you're me fren'."

"I'm d' fren' of your life," I retorts. "Tim w'at yonse might call next, Marky."

On d' way over to Grover's joint I plops d' pumps to Marky about Sherman.

"All I got to say to Johnny Sherman," says Marky, an' I gets on he d' tone of his voice he's dead sore; "all d' tip I can give yonse is, wear furs when you goes against him. Johnny Sherman is d' chilliest proposition that ever comes down d' alley. I collaborees wid a old geeser an hour about him swappin' out d' Senate an' into d' Cabinet, an' it's like climbin' Mount Blanc. I'll tell yonse, Tim, on d' quiet! Any sucker who goes foolin' round that snow-bound galoot needs an alpine stock an' a guide. An' don't yonse mislay d' trail."

"W'at's he goin' to do?" I asks. "I'll consult wid a clairvoyant to-morry," says Marky, an' his voice is dead ironical. "I'll ask a medium about it. An' then I'll put you on."

I observes Marky all wrought up about Sherman, so I says to console him: "I'd bet de old mowen chew de rag and freeze all be his lonesome. I wouldn't go near him."

"There's times when I was wid him," says Marky.

An' I can see he's goin' over de run in he has wid Johnny in his mind.

"There's times, Jim, when I simply wants to lam loose an' seek him one in de lamp; but of course violence don't go."

"Well, I remarks, as we continues sprintin' along to de White House, "to give de subject a change of air, didn't I get on to something in de past this mornin' about yonse feedin' a mob of stiff?"

"That's straight," replies Marky, wearily. "I has it to do, Tim. There's nothin' in it. But nobody 'tinks you're doin' t'ing unless you gets a gang of hobos together an' fills their faces wid food, see! Mack wires me to do it. So I sends out me b'ids an' catches up de gang an' thrum a banquet into 'em."

"I'll encourage de dubs to come chasin' round for offices, though," I says.

"Let 'em chase," replies Marky. "They won't get a fling but d' jovial jeer an' d' hilarious howl."

Be this time we gets to d' White House, an' I can see Marky is turnin' south again.

"This t'ing gives me a pain, Tim," says Marky, comin' to a dead pause. "This is de me caperly over to see Grover on d' eve of that little dinky guy Thurbur is dead wrong, see! I tell yonse, there's a play behind this. Grover's act to cop a sneak on me neck, an' I've got to be wary."

"Cert!" I says. "That's d' stuff. Of course, yonse have got to be wary. But, after all, w'at can Grover do?"

"I don't know," says Marky, wid a sigh. "W'at he can do. However, we'll blow in an' take a chance. Mobby there's nothin' to duck, but somehow I feels like I'm hoodooed."

I expect a guy gets d' gay face this side of d' tomb. It's Marky who acquiesces in Grover. There's a well of joy in Grover's eye, even as he gets Marky be his off hook an' gives it d' shake of its existence.

"It's a glorious vict'ry, Marky," says Grover, "an' I'm proud to take yonse be d' fin, old stockin'." Say, d' way you burn up d' ground round that silver geyxelo Bryan was out of sight. I congradulates both yonse an' Mack."

"W'at th' 'ell!" says Marky, doin' d' modest. "I simply does me duty be d' gold push an' Mack w'at trusted me."

"It all shows d' Democrats can't win wid-out me," says Grover. "I knowed Bryan would get d' merry turn down."

"Bryan planned out all right," says Marky, "but as far as winnin' wid yonse, Grover is concerned, if d' Democracy never makes a killin' again until it does win wid you, we've got 'em faded."

Grover tries to give Marky d' haughty brow at this, but Marky's size too callous for him, so Grover passes it by.

"Comin' down to enses," says Grover at last, an' I tumbles we're now to d' object of d' meetin', "w'at do d' gold Democrats grab

off in this? I takes it they gets their bit when Mack divides d' pie."

"Don't I tell yonse, Tim," says Marky, turnin' to me dead indignant; "didn't I give yonse d' steer comin' over I'd get d' knee in me groin before we gets through?" Then turnin' to Grover, Marky goes on: "D' gum game don't make no hit wid me, see? I don't owe d' gold Democrats a splinter; an' therefore them sneezers gets nothin'."

"If yonse mean to tell me," says Grover, an' he raises his voice so loud Thurbur pokes his mug in d' door. "d' yonse say to me that Bourke Cockran an' them noble spellbinders who goes from d' gold Democrats among d' peeps an' aids your cause be every effort they can make an' in on this?"

"Before they weaves a single spell," says Marky, givin' his voice an' upshot. "You can bet your life them spellbinders gets their dough for it, an' I'm d' duck who coughed it up. That lets out d' gold Democrats. Hyum, Hopkins, Granddad Palmer, Eickner, Cockran—you can't name a muck of 'em all who wasn't gettin' d' long and needful green for doin' his turn. An' that settles it, see! If they comes curvin' round for an office now they gets thruv down. This is a straight Republican vict'ry, an' there ain't any gumshoe galoot of a gold Democrat who even gets into d' gallery."

At this Grover takes a look of scorn at Marky, which d' same Marky stands for widout a walt or wabble. Then Grover walks off be himself like he's chuck full of us, an' quits us cold.

"Did yonse get on to me when I calls his bluff, Tim?" says Marky, as we lines out for d' Arlington agin. "Grover needn't try to saw off any of his cuckoo scum on me. I'm a move too dy for that. Your Cack Marky ain't that kind of a halp; ch, Tim?"

"Not on your natal day!" I says.

Tammany Tim

## OVER THE TEACUPS.

"Are you still so pleased with your new house?" asked the girl in the red jacket.

"No; I am not. Look here; Ethel Marshmellow, what if I told you that Dick Brownsmith is married and is living immediately next door?"

"You don't say so! After swearing that he would commit suicide if you didn't marry him! Well, there is no dependence to be put in man; he is a deceitful creature."

"Isn't he? And when I denied my engagement to Paul for three months just to save his feelings! Why, I used to tell him, as often as three times a week, that Paul and I were only friends—and this is his gratitude for it!"

"Do you see him often?"

"Yes, I do. The first time I was quite cordial to him, for I had not heard that he was married, and I thought it might be well for Paul to know that he was right next door. To be sure Paul hasn't a single fault; still a husband!"

"Is human dear, unless he is human! How did Dick behave when you overlooked everything and met him so cordially?"

"Like an iceberg. I found out the very next day that he was married. Horrid! He thing his wife seems to be so plain and so ridiculously devoted to him! I've talked to going to the front door with Paul every morning and meeting him in the hall on his return. It pleases him, shows Dick how I adore him and enables every woman in the block to see my lovely new house gown."

"I know. But how about Dick?"

"Oh, well, you know our houses are just alike. I don't see how Dick can afford it, unless his wife has money. I suppose she must have some, or he never would have married her."

"Very likely. But—"

"Yes. The other evening I was waiting in the hall to meet Paul. I had told the maid not to light the gas, the glow from the grate was so becoming. I heard him run up the steps and begin fumbling with his latch key; the poor boy is so near-sighted, and I don't allow him to wear glasses since our marriage; it makes him look so old. I flew to the door and pulled him in, crying—you'll never tell this to a soul, will you, Ethel?"

"Never as long as I live," breathed the girl in the red jacket.

"Well, I said, 'You dear boy! It seems an age since—since you kissed me!' Oh, Ethel!"

"I don't see anything awful in that. He is your own husband."

"Not he is not. It was Dick Brownsmith, instead of Paul! And, oh, you should have seen his face as he said: 'Pardon me, Mrs. Scrooge, I am mistaken again. I thought this was my own house.' Oh, I'll never speak to him or to that horrid wife of his as long as I live!"

"Awful!" breathed the girl in the red jacket. "Why, here is Louisa. Only think, Lou, Dick is living right next door to Florence!"

"I know it," cried the girl in the fur cape. "They say he doesn't care a rap for his wife—only married her because she looks like Florence."

"Hm," said the young woman in the blue gown. "I think I shall call on Mrs. Brownsmith; it only seems neighborly."

The Jesters' Chorus.

First Commercial—I have done well here for a small place like this. My orders for to-day come close to \$200.

Chorus—That's good—very good! You have done well.

Second Commercial—who had not spoken before, looking over the top of his paper—Oh, it is wonderful what one does in a small place sometimes. Why, my last journey down here my discounts came to just over what you say your orders come to to-day.

First Commercial—Excuse me, sir; this is not a lying competition.

Second Commercial (disappearing behind his paper)—I beg your pardon; I thought it was.—Titi-Bits.

Druggist—Yes, madam, I remember very well your buying a stamp.

Lady—Well, I put it in a very important letter and posted it. It is not as long as I need it. I was just to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again.—Titi-Bits.

It was beginning to look like rain.

"Noah," called out the sailor who had accommodated the ark battler with a small loan, "when are you going to settle that little account?"

"I think," replied Noah, putting his head out of a window in the side of the vessel and scanning the heavens, "I shall be able to liquidate fairly in about forty days."

And he drew his head in again.—Chicago Tribune.

Literary Item.

(Washington Post.)

The admirer of short stories will be deeply interested in the figure Warner Miller will cut in the New York Senatorial fight.

## Just a Moment with the Chappies.

Much interest attaches to the attention which Mr. Harry Lehr, of Baltimore, is paying to Miss Van Alen, daughter of the modeled master of Wakehurst, and granddaughter of the one and only Mrs. Astor.

Miss Van Alen is no beauty, but I like her better than any other woman who attends the opera, because she never utters a word while the curtain is up.

"I am sure that this is Miss Van Alen's first season at the opera," said a woman Monday night; "she pays such strict attention to the performance."

Even so charming a chappie as Harry Lehr is cannot distract her attention when Jean de Reszke is making love or Cremonini is tinkling his tenor.

Those gossipists that always strive to beat the band insist that the announcement of an engagement is on the tapis, and that handsome Jimmie Cutting and those other young swells who have been dancing attendance on Miss Van Alen will have to make way for the gay Baltimorean, whose chief exploit thus far has been to wade with Mrs. Freddie Gehard through a fountain as they were returning at midnight from an evening reception in the City of Monuments.

I hope sincerely that Miss Van Alen may never challenge Mr. Lehr to jump from her box into the